

Fourth installment of "WEIR OF HERMISTON," the last story of Robert Louis Stevenson, in this issue.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY

ILLUSTRATED

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THE INSURRECTION IN CUBA.

SUCCESSFUL LANDING OF THE EXPEDITION WHICH LEFT NEW YORK MARCH 15TH, ON THE STEAMSHIP "BERMUDA," WITH MEN, ARMS,
AND AMMUNITION FOR THE INSURGENTS.—DRAWN BY FRANK H. SCHELL FROM A SKETCH BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

"WEIR OF HERMISTON." The Last Story of ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

We present in this issue the fourth installment of this unfinished romance and last work of Robert Louis Stevenson.

The theme is one on which his mind had long been working. He did not, however, betake himself in earnest to the composition till the last weeks of his life (see "Vallima Letters, pp. 230, 231 and Epilogue), and the chapters which he lived long enough to write, and which will be printed in *LESLIE'S WEEKLY*, constituted, it may be surmised, little more than a third part of the intended book. They were dictated by the author to his step-daughter and devoted amanuensis, Mrs. Strong, during the month of November and the first days of December, 1894; and the last lines were written on the very morning of his sudden seizure and death. None of his earlier work had been produced at such a sustained pitch of invention, or with so little labor in the way of correction or recasting, and the amount of editorial revision which the text has required has been slight in the extreme.

The date of the principal action is the winter and spring of 1815-14; the place partly Edinburgh and partly the wild hill-country about the wells of Clyde and Tweed. (The name Crossmichael, borrowed from a village in Galloway, must not be taken, by those who happen to be familiar with it, as indicating the locality.) The character of Adam Weir, Lord Hermiston, has been in some degree suggested by that of a historical personage, Robert Macqueen, Lord Bradfield (b. 1722, d. 1799), but the plot and circumstances are wholly imaginary.

The story, as published in these columns, will be illustrated by B. West Clinedinst.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

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An Open Letter to Governor Morton.

Hon. Levi P. Morton, Governor.



IR:—It is to be presumed that you desire, as a Republican and a citizen, the triumph of Republican principles and policies in the coming national contest. It is presumable, also, that in permitting the use of your name as a candidate for the Presidential nomination you have been dominated

ed by a conviction that your selection as the party standard-bearer would contribute in a peculiar sense to this desirable triumph. It is a laudable ambition to aspire to this high office, which, in dignity and influence, is unrivaled. You must be satisfied, however, from an intelligent study of the situation in its latest aspects, that this ambition is impossible of gratification. There is nothing whatever in the situation to justify the belief that you can be nominated at St. Louis. The announcement of your candidacy, it must be frankly admitted, has not provoked anywhere a genuinely hearty response. It is true that the New York State Convention declared in your favor, and elected four delegates-at-large with instructions to vote for your nomination. But you are, of course, aware that this action did not represent the honest sentiment of the party masses. It is matter of current comment that many of those who participated in this convention as delegates, nominally as your friends, have no confidence in your nomination, and do not really desire it. You are aware, too, that in some Congressional districts of the State public sentiment has declared decisively in favor of another nomination; while, in some others, delegates have been elected who will give you only a cold-hearted support, and will eagerly welcome an opportunity to transfer their votes to another candidate. It is a singular fact which cannot have escaped your notice, that while you have been in the field for a considerable period, not a single delegate in favor of your nomination has been elected in any contiguous State in which the party conventions have been held; while the public expressions of opinion in States like New Jersey, New Hampshire, Connecticut, and Massachusetts have been unanimous in favor of other candidates.

You no doubt fully realize that it is of the highest importance that the real sentiment of the party should find expression in the nomination made at St. Louis. The selection of any candidate as the result of intrigue, bargaining, or bulldozing would be certain to result disastrously, no matter how elevated in point of character and ability the person so selected might really be. Whether justly or unjustly, the conviction is practically universal that your candidacy does not represent any honest party sentiment. The circumstances under which it has been projected warrant the belief that the persons who induced you to enter the field are actuated by another motive than a desire to advance your political fortunes. The methods which they

have resorted to in seeking to coerce men of independent convictions into acquiescence in their schemes, and to ostracize and strangle all expressions of unfavorable sentiment, must certainly find their inspiration in some less worthy purpose than that with which they have sought and obtained your concurrence in their plans.

Is it worth while, we submit to you, in the face of this universal conviction as to the insincerity of your supporters, and as to the improbability of your nomination by reputable means, that you should persist longer in an ill-advised candidacy? There are other citizens of New York, eminent in affairs, whose candidacy would provoke none of the antagonism which yours would be certain to arouse. These gentlemen may as justly aspire to the Presidential office as yourself or any other candidate now mentioned in connection with it. The nomination of some one of them might be possible in some conceivable conditions. The names of none of them, however, can be presented to the convention so long as you remain in the field. It would be a great honor, and a proud distinction for the Empire State, to command the Presidency. Is it too much to ask that in a spirit of self-abnegation and of loyal devotion to your State you will remove the one obstacle which now obstructs the action of any citizen of New York to whom the Republican party might look for leadership in the coming conflict? We are free to say that we believe you could confer no greater honor upon your State, and add no more imperishable laurel to your reputation, than you would achieve by retiring from a contest in which success is obviously impossible, and which, if longer prosecuted, may expose to eclipse, through the unwise and dishonorable methods of your managers, and your submission to their dangerous guidance, the high repute which you have hitherto enjoyed as a citizen and a patriot.

Armenia and the Christian World.

If the Armenians were a half-barbaric people, without arts, literature and history, it would still be a reproach to the humanity of the Christian world if it permitted that people to be subjected indefinitely to the atrocities of which they are the victims. But such is not the fact. When the ancestors of the people of northern Europe were the veriest pagans, living in huts and caves and clothed in untanned skins, the Armenians had many large cities, a well-defined Christian faith, an established church, with schools and universities; they had a literature that was polite and a history which was something more than tradition. Overrun time and again by the fanatical hordes that surrounded them, and several times all but exterminated, they have preserved their religion and persisted in their faith—a faith which the Armenian Church claims came to it directly from the Founder of Christianity.

We can understand how such things might have been tolerated in former centuries, when accounts of these cruel happenings would not reach the outside world until years after their occurrence; but now, when the whole world is one neighborhood, we find it hard to believe that the English, the Russians, the French, and the Germans, merely for the fear that in succoring those oppressed people one Power may get advantage over another Power, should suffer this kind of thing to go on. Rather than that, the Christian Powers of Europe should unite and destroy the whole Ottoman empire, and serve notice on Persia also, that to molest the Armenian Christians would be an undertaking too dangerous to contemplate. The duty of the United States government in this matter is difficult, but it is plain. Our good offices should be used to secure the united action of the European Powers in suppressing these outrages; failing in this, why should we not, in the name of humanity and for the sake of religious freedom, undertake to do what the European Powers hold back from doing? Our traditions are against such a course, to be sure, but if we took action, protesting that we did so not for conquest or for power, but purely to succor an oppressed people, the voice of the Christian world would applaud us. Further than this, we believe that the Christians of the world would join in a war more holy than any of the Crusades which marched toward Jerusalem.

The hesitation of the halting nations only encourages the Turk to do his will. The announcement that the Sultan is about to expel all the missionaries of all Christian denominations from Asiatic Turkey shows this fact very conclusively. If this timorous hesitation continues much longer Christianity will perish in this Eastern land, because no Christians will be left alive to practice its teachings; none will be left to die for the faith.

The Mormon Despotism.

THE Mormon hierarchy has recently issued a manifesto which seems like an echo from the Dark Ages. It declares that no officer of the Church of Latter Day Saints will be permitted to accept any position or nomination, political or otherwise, without first asking and obtaining the consent of the priesthood; and, by way of emphasizing the command, an example has already been made of an apostle who ventured to accept a nomination for United States Senator. It seems incredible that such intolerance and tyrannous interference with the rights of citizenship should be possible in an American State, and it is hardly possible that invasions of individual freedom so arrogant and indefensible will be much longer acquiesced in even by the most abject

of the Saints. But the incident has its value as showing that the Mormon leaders will not surrender without a struggle the autocratic power they have so long exercised, and it ought to beget on the part of all right-minded citizens of the new State constant vigilance and a resolute assertion of personal rights, to the end that ecclesiastical influence may not perpetuate itself perniciously in public affairs.

The Election of Senators.

THE Democratic committees of Floyd and Fulton Counties (which include Atlanta), in Georgia, have determined to give the rank and file of the party an opportunity to express their preference for United States Senator, and for that purpose have ordered primaries to be held in June next. This decision is regarded as a triumph for Speaker Crisp, who is a candidate for the Senatorship, over the administration forces, but however that may be, the method agreed upon for ascertaining the popular will is certainly in accordance with the best democratic ideas. Why should not the people express their wishes in this way in reference to the most important representative office within their gift? It will be said, of course, that these wishes find expression in the election of members of the Legislature who are charged with the selection of Senators; but other issues always enter into a general election and influence more or less the result, so that the declaration of the popular voice is never so distinct and direct as to the particular matter referred to as it ought to be, and as it is where that is the sole question presented. There are legislators who, however they might evade their responsibilities as the representatives of a mere local constituency, would hesitate a good while before disobeying a clear and decisive mandate from the people at large, and such an indication of public opinion can only be had by a popular vote, registered under the usual legal safeguards.

A report just submitted to the Senate in connection with the joint resolution for the election of Senators by a direct popular vote states with great clearness the considerations which favor such a course. We quote a single paragraph:

"One weighty and principal objection to the present system of electing Senators by the Legislatures of the respective States is that the power and right of the individual voter are hedged about and circumscribed, his will is manacled, his volition paralyzed; he cannot vote for his choice. He cannot, in fact, vote directly at all, but must content himself with casting a vote for members of the Legislature, who may or may not properly represent his wishes in the vote they may cast for Senator. It carries with it the implication that the people, the qualified voters of a State, are, for some reason, unfit for the full exercise of the elective franchise, except in a qualified and largely restricted sense. The present system is, in practice, purpose, and effect, a declaration that for some occult reason, which is in no way made manifest, it is unsafe and prejudicial to the public interests to commit the election of Senators to a vote of the people."

There may be a question as to whether the method of electing United States Senators should be changed as here proposed, but there can be no doubt at all that the will of the people should be more fully respected in these elections than it has been in recent years in a majority of our States.

Social Effects of "Tariff Reform."



THE question whether there has been a revival of industry in any part of this country since the general political and financial crisis which set in on the ninth day of November, 1892, and reached its climax in April, 1893, can now be answered effectively from three distinct sources, viz.:

First, the movement of labor, which continues to be out of the United States to foreign countries, instead of from foreign countries into the United States.

Second, the shrinkage of manufacturing industries, which have been growing weaker, poorer, and less efficient each year since 1892, turning out a smaller product at a lower wage rate and a diminishing profit, employing fewer hands and at a reducing scale of earnings and standard of life for every year since 1892; as indicated by the official statistics of the only State which collects such statistics each year—Massachusetts.

Third, the continued decline in value of farming lands in the central agricultural States, and constant exodus of farmers and farm laborers from these into the newer West and the farther North, which marked the prolonged hard times of 1837-41 and 1854-61, and which are now in full force.

To begin with the most significant, the labor movement from instead of toward the country. The record of the whole passenger movement from the country has been secured through the steamship owners. Its results would certainly be increased if comprehensive government statistics could be had. These returns show that the outward movement from all ports numbers, for 1895, no less than 329,558 persons, of whom 276,298 sailed from New York alone, and 297,575 were bound for Europe. As against this outward flood the total inflow was only 301,149 persons, of whom 21,201 were returning tourists and transient arrivals and 279,948 were immigrants coming to stay. Hence about 28,500 more persons left the United States in the third year of tariff reform, to seek permanent homes in foreign lands, than arrived from foreign countries to better their condition here.

If we seek for the causes of this exodus the statistics of Massachusetts (which would be duplicated in every other

State if the others would take the pains to collect the statistics) tell the story.

In 1894 the mills and factories of Massachusetts used \$65,000,000 less of raw materials than in 1890, and turned out goods worth \$109,000,000 less than in 1890, and less by \$111,524,341 than in 1885, ten years before. Massachusetts became in four years a smaller market for the farmers to sell their raw materials only in, by \$65,000,000, aside from its reduction in dimensions and value as a market in which to sell their food and fuel, which reduction must have amounted to as much more.

Between 1893 and 1894 the average yearly earnings of the whole number employed in all manufacturing industries in Massachusetts shrank from \$436.13 in 1893 to \$421.81 in 1894, the total sum paid in wages diminishing from \$122,495,937 in the great panic year to \$111,103,085 in what we have been asked to regard as the year of recovery. The manufacturing wage employes received \$11,392,852 less in the so-called "year of recovery" than in the year of distress. The average number of persons employed in all manufacturing industries was, for 1893, 280,868, and in 1894, 263,398; being 17,470 less in the "year of recovery" than were employed in the "year of distress."

Meanwhile there come from various points in the Western States, in these opening months of 1896, proofs that the farming population in the very best counties in the corn-belt of Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio is resuming that movement out into the "no-rent" lands which always marks a long depression in industry. A dispatch from Fairbury, in Livingston County, Illinois, says: "Special trains for Iowa, composed of freight cars laden with the emigrants' machinery, stock, and household goods, and coaches containing the families of the movers, have departed all week over the Illinois Central Railroad. Nearly one hundred families leave Livingston County alone."

Similar descriptions of the migration of the farming populations westward marked the culmination of the low-tariff periods, 1836-41 and 1854-61. These were familiar to every reading and thoughtful American when the Democratic raid on the tariff was made in 1892. They caused the prediction that the success of such a raid would bring on a renewal of all these well-known symptoms. The authors of such predictions were temporarily hooted down as calamity-howlers, but now it is seen that they were the only people who knew what they were predicting.

Our Olympian Victors.

This is the year of the seven hundred and seventy-sixth Olympiad; and henceforth the ancient Greek mode of reckoning—based upon the regular recurrence, at intervals of four years, from time immemorial of the games or athletic tournaments at Olympia—ought to be popular in America. For the first time in all the centuries, this year, at the Easter-tide revival of the classic games, there appeared in the Athenian Stadium contestants from the westernmost realms of Atalantis, known to moderns as America. These barbarian athletes from over the sunset seas represented the several tribes of Bostonia, Manhattos, and Princetonium. They were, in sooth, well-greaved youths, light of foot, sure-eyed, formidable in buffeting and in their rude native sport of the foot-bolus. In the Panathenaic contests, our young fellow-tribesmen encountered not only Ionians, Dorians, Aetolians, Achaeans, Athenians, and Spartans, and all the rest of the Greeks, but also the champions from other nations of Europe, such as Gauls, Allemanni, Istrians, Britons, Hibernians, and the like, who had come in galleys by sea and in chariots over land to strive in Olympia for the wild-olive branch and the gilded statuette of Victory.

The outcome of these games was most gratifying to American pride. On the very first day the Americans won about half of the total number of events, and this they followed up with additional triumphs each day they competed. They alternated with Frenchmen, Austrians, and Germans, sometimes dividing both first and second honors among themselves, as when Burke, of Boston, was first and Jamieson, of Princeton, second in the quarter-mile sprinting race. The Greek gymnasts did not score until the fourth day, when they retrieved themselves on the flying-rings, to the delight of the multitude, who, however, had not failed to generously applaud the foreigners. It was especially notable that the Greek champions, Gouskos and Paraskevopoulos, were beaten on their own ground, at their own games of shot-putting and throwing the discus, by the young American giant, Robert Garrett, who never saw a discus until he lately set foot in Athens. Not only this, but Garrett is said to have actually established a new record for this antique game in Greece. It is true that certain old pagan chroniclers tell about one Phayllus of Croton, who hurled the discus ninety-five feet—more than twice Garrett's distance. But when we find the same authorities stating, without turning a hair, that this same Phayllus did a long running jump of fifty-five feet, we can readily make up our minds that these Old-World chroniclers were Old-World "fakes." Modern scorers and time-keepers cannot rival the ancients at myth-making or plain lying.

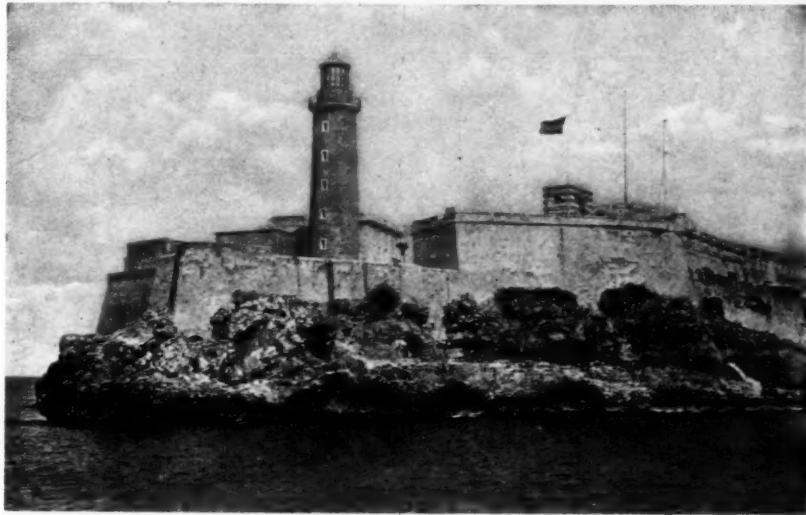
But our young Olympians, who went abroad unostentatiously and on their own hook, have fairly won their victors' crowns and palms. They will wear them unchallenged until the next games, in Paris, in 1900. Let us venture the hope that they may still retain them fresh and green for the Olympiad after that, which will be in New York, in 1904.

THE SITUATION IN CUBA.—I.

It was not my intention to write about Cuba when, a few weeks ago, I left New York on a trip to that unfortunate and beautiful island. Had I gone there for that purpose, as a newspaper correspondent, it is certain that I would not have seen what I have been fortunate enough to see. The business which took me to Cuba was important enough to decide the captain-general to give me a "*salvo conducto*," or passport, allowing me to travel inland, to pass

before the war broke out. From New York to Havana, via Florida, it is only a short trip of three days, and a more delightful trip does not exist. Tampa Bay, where the New York express trains meet the steamer, is reached in a day and a half. Thirty-six hours after leaving Tampa, at six o'clock in the morning, our steamer, the *Olivette*, arrived at the entrance of the harbor of Havana. It was a beautiful and clear day, and from the deck of the steamer I had been

eagerly watching the small white point in the horizon which, increasing in size every minute, had developed little by little into a great mass of buildings—the city of Havana. On our left, upon a high hill, was the old and imposing Morro Castle, with its big, modern guns, overlooking the sea. The general effect of its Spanish-Moorish architecture reminded me of many a Spanish fortress, and especially of the fortifications of Toledo. A strange feeling came over me as I thought of all the mysteries which are buried behind these thick, dirty walls of great, big stones—when I thought of the hundreds who have been tortured and who have died



MORRO CASTLE, AT THE ENTRANCE OF HAVANA HARBOR.

the Spanish lines, and to go to Mercedes de Carrillo, a sugar plantation near Colon, in the heart of the province of Matanzas, where most of the fighting was taking place at the time. Gomez was near there, and Maceo was fighting his way back to Havana from the place at which he had met Gomez. I had, indeed, no desire of writing about Cuba, or the conditions of the struggle now in progress, for the reason that I have many warm friends in Spain, in and out of official circles, that I have only the most delightful

personal recollections of my sojourn there, and therefore my sympathies were with the Spaniards. I felt that writing in their favor would probably displease all my friends, and I had decided not to write a line. But what I saw and heard has obliged me to change my mind both as to the state of

things in Cuba and to my decision of not expressing my opinion. My admiration for Spain has received a serious blow, and I must honestly confess that all my sympathy is now with the Cubans. Spain I can only pity—pity for the hopeless and ruinous fight she is making. Most of the reports sent from Havana are so absolutely false that I feel they must be denied. The world must know and must be told that it is not true that Spain is having the best of it—not true that the Spaniards are eager to fight; not true that the Spanish columns are always victorious; and that their losses are insignificant; not true that the best people of Cuba are against the insurgents; not true that cruelties take place no more. The contrary is the truth. It is an absolute fact that nine-tenths of the country is against Spain; that the Spanish soldiers are discouraged, demoralized, and afraid of the Cubans, who still hold the whole country with the exception of the cities, and who are gaining ground every day. All this I can and will prove in the account of my trip to Cuba, expressly written at the request of

LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

I do not wonder so many Americans used to go to Cuba

there, and of the hundreds who, alas! are there now, waiting for their turn to be sent brutally into another world. But, turning from the sadly suggestive fortress, on the other side of the harbor was Havana, white and picturesque, with its large palaces, buildings, and factories, above which many tall palm-trees were slowly balancing their heavy heads in a light and warm breeze. Life on one side, I thought, and death on the other!

I had been warned that I would meet with a great many difficulties before landing, and therefore great was my surprise when I found out that everything went as smoothly as possible. After the officials who came on board had ascertained that my passport was *en règle* I was allowed to go ashore without the slightest trouble, and I immediately drove to the hotel. Had I not known that there was war in Cuba I certainly would not have guessed it from the appearance of the city. Not a soldier was to be seen in the narrow streets, bordered by Spanish-Moorish houses. Everything was as quiet as possible. It did not take very long to find out the state of things. I had letters of introduction for the most influential men in Havana, Matanzas, and Colon, and had no difficulty in ascertaining from them that nine-tenths of the best people of Cuba are in favor of the insurgents. With a very few exceptions, the only persons in favor of Spain are the Spanish themselves. If all the Cubans who sympathize with the insurrectionists should join the rebel forces Gomez would have an army of five hundred thousand men. The great majority of the Cubans who would like to fight are obliged to stay at home, for they have no arms and no ammunition. It is also natural that bankers, large business men, prominent lawyers, and railroad men cannot give up their business to go fighting, and can do more by remaining at the head of their business and furnishing the Cuban party with funds than they would by shouldering a musket.

These men are more than careful about expressing their opinion, knowing that any word said against Spain, or in favor of the insurgents, means either death or confinement



MILITARY JURY INSPECTING THE BODY OF AN ASSASSINATED CUBAN.



GENERAL MUNIERE KILLED BY THE INSURGENTS.

in Morro Castle, which is perhaps worse. One of the best-known and most distinguished citizens of Havana said to me, one evening: "My sugar estate, worth five hundred thousand dollars, has just been burned by a force of insurgents. They were commanded by one of my best friends. They did right, and I am glad of it. It is

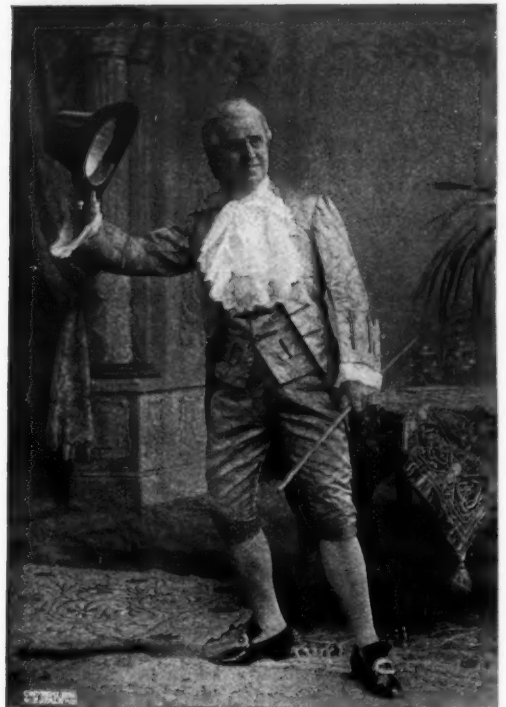
(Continued on page 276.)



WILLIAM H. CRANE AS "SIR ANTHONY ABSOLUTE."
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JULIA MARLOWE-TABER AS "LYDIA LANGUISH."
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THE UNRIVALED "RIVALS."

THE STAR CAST OF SHERIDAN'S GREAT PLAY OF "THE RIVALS," HEADED BY MR. JOSEPH JEFFERSON.—COPYRIGHTED PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 282.]



"He uttered the simple command, 'Broken Dykes!'"

WEIR OF HERMISTON.

THE LAST STORY OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

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SYNOPSIS.

ADAM WEIR, Lord Hermiston, first the lord-advocate and then the lord justice-clerk of the senators of the College of Justice at Edinburgh, has married Jean Rutherford, last heir of her line, upon whose estate at the Scottish village of Crossmichael he resides when court is not in session. He is noted for his severity, and has become famous for the "hanging face" with which he confronts criminals—while his wife is of a mildly religious type. Their son Archibald combines the qualities of the two, but has been brought up by his mother almost exclusively. She inspires him with her religious views, so that, unconsciously, he grows to resent his father's severity and roughness. His mother having died, Archie continues his studies, having little in common with Lord Hermiston, with one of whose fellow-justices and friends, however, a scholarly gentleman of the old school, he forms a close friendship. At the trial of one Jopp, for murder, Archie is especially offended by his father's coarse remarks, and, brooding over the exhibition of what seems to him savage cruelty, he attends the execution. As the man's body falls he cries out: "I denounce this God-defying murder." The same evening, at his college debating society, he propounds the question "whether capital punishment be consistent with God's will or man's policy." A great scandal is aroused in the city by these actions of the son of Lord Hermiston. Archie meets the family doctor, who shows him by an anecdote that, under his father's granite exterior, the latter has a great love for him. This creates a revulsion in Archie's feelings. His father soon hears of his son's performances and reproaches him severely. Archie accepts the rebuke and submits himself. Nevertheless, Lord Hermiston orders him to abandon the law, and assigns him to the care of the estate at Crossmichael. Archie goes the same evening to call on the old justice already mentioned, who comforts him and points out his father's great abilities, and together they drink the health of Lord Hermiston. Archie establishes himself on the estate, and finds still at the homestead his mother's former housekeeper, Kirstie (or Christina) Elliott, a distant relative of his mother's, who is devoted to the family fortunes. Kirstie indulges him with many long talks, recounting the history of the region.

V.—(Continued).

II.—KIRSTIE.

KIRSTIE was now over fifty, and might have sat to a sculptor. Long of limb and still light of foot, deep-breasted, robust-looked, her golden hair not yet mingled with any trace of silver, the years had but caressed and embellished her. By the lines of a rich and vigorous maternity, she seemed destined to be the bride of heroes and the mother of their children; and behold, by the iniquity of

fate, she had passed through her youth alone, and drew near to the confines of age, a childless woman. The tender ambitions that she had received at birth had been, by time and disappointment, diverted into a certain barren zeal of industry and fury of interference. She carried her thwarted ardors into housework, she washed floors with her empty heart. If she could not win the love of one with love, she must dominate all by her temper. Hasty, wordy, and watchful, she had a drawn quarrel with most of her neighbors, and with the others not much more than neutrality. The grievance's wife had been "sneisty"; the sister of the gardener, who kept house for him, had shown herself "upsitten"; and she wrote to Lord Hermiston about once a year demanding the discharge of the offenders, and justifying the demand by much wealth of detail. For it must not be supposed that the quarrel rested with the wife and did not take in the husband also—or with the gardener's sister and did not speedily include the gardener himself. As the upshot of all this petty quarreling and intemperate speech, she was practically excluded (like a light-keeper on his tower) from the comforts of human association, except with her own in-door drudge, who, being but a lassie and entirely at her mercy, must submit to the shifty weather of "the mistress's" moods without complaint.

To Kirstie, thus situate and in the Indian summer of her heart, which was slow to submit to age, the gods sent this equivocal good thing of Archie's presence. She had known him in the cradle and paddled him when he misbehaved; and yet, as she had not so much as set eyes on him since he was eleven and had his last serious illness, the tall, slender, refined, and rather melancholy young gentleman of twenty came upon her with the shock of a new acquaintance. He was "Young Hermiston—the laird himself"; he had an air of distinctive superiority that abashed the woman's tantrums in the beginning, and therefore the possibility of any quarrel was excluded.

Her feeling partook of the loyalty of a clanswoman, the hero-worship of a maiden aunt, and the idolatry due to a god. No matter what he had asked of her, ridiculous or tragic, she would have done it and joyed to do it. Her passion, for it was nothing less, entirely filled her. It was a rich physical pleasure to make his bed or light his lamp for him when he was absent, to pull off his wet boots, or wait on him at dinner when he returned. A young man who should have so doted on the idea, moral and

physical, of any woman, might be properly described as being in love, head and heels, and would have behaved himself accordingly. But Kirstie—though her heart leaped at his coming footsteps—though when he patted her shoulder her face brightened for the day—had not a hope or thought beyond the present moment and its perpetuation to the end of time. Till the end of time she would have had nothing altered, but still continue delightedly to serve her idol, and be repaid (say twice in the month) with a clap on the shoulder.

I have said that her heart leaped—it is the accepted phrase. But rather, when she was alone in any chamber of the house, and heard his foot passing on the corridors, something in her bosom rose slowly until her breath was suspended, and as slowly fell again with a deep sigh when the steps had passed and she was disappointed of her eyes' desire. This perpetual hunger and thirst for his presence kept her all day on the alert. When he went forth at morning she would stand and follow him with admiring looks. As it grew late and drew to the time of his return, she would steal forth to a corner of the policy-wall and be seen standing there sometimes by the hour together, gazing with shaded eyes, waiting the exquisite and barren pleasure of his view a mile off on the mountains. When at night she had trimmed and gathered the fire, turned down his bed, and laid out his night-gear—when there was no more to be done for the king's pleasure but to remember him fervently in his usually very tepid prayers and go to bed brooding upon his perfections, his future career, and what she should give him the next day for dinner—there still remained before her one more opportunity; she was still to take in the tray and say good-night. Sometimes Archie would glance up from his book with a preoccupied nod and a perfunctory salutation, which was, in truth, a dismissal; sometimes—and by degrees more often—the volume would be laid aside, he would meet her coming with a look of relief, and the conversation would be engaged, last out the supper, and be prolonged till the small hours by the waning fire. It was no wonder that Archie was fond of company after his solitary days; and Kirstie, upon her side, exerted all the arts of her vigorous nature to ensnare his attention.

III.—A BORDER FAMILY.

Such an unequal intimacy has never been uncommon in Scotland, where the clan spirit survives; where the servant tends to spend her life in the same service, a helpmeet at first, then a

tyrant, and at last a pensioner; where, besides, she is not necessarily destitute of the pride of birth; but is, perhaps, like Kirstie, a connection of her master's, and at least knows the legend of her own family, and may count kinship with some illustrious dead. For that is the mark of the Scot of all classes, that he stands in an attitude toward the past unthinkable to Englishmen, and remembers and cherishes the memory of his forebears, good or bad; and there burns alive in him a sense of identity with the dead, even to the twentieth generation. No more characteristic instance could be found than in the family of Kirstie Elliott. They were all, and Kirstie the first of all, ready and eager to pour forth the particulars of their genealogy, embellished with every detail that memory had handed down or fancy fabricated; and, behold! from every ramification of that tree there dangled a halter. The Elliotts themselves have had a chequered history; but these Elliotts deduced, besides, from three of the most unfortunate of the border clans—the Nicksons, the Ellwalds, and the Crozers.

The men of the Elliotts were proud, lawless, violent as of right, cherishing and prolonging a tradition. In like manner with the women. And the women, essentially passionate and reckless, who crouched on the rug, in the shine of the peat fire, telling these tales, had cherished through life a wild integrity of virtue.

Her father, Gilbert, had been deeply pious, a savage disciplinarian in the antique style, and withal a notorious smuggler. "I mind when I was a bairn getting mony a skelp and being shoo'd to bed like poutry," she would say. "That would be when the lads and their bit kegs were on the road. We've had the riff-raff of two-three counties in our kitchen mony's the time, betwix' the twelve and the three; and their lanterns would be standing in the forecourt; aye, a score o' them at once. But there was nae ungodly talk permitted at Cauldstaneslap; my father was a consistent man in walk and conversation; just let slip an aith, and there was the door to ye! He had the zeal for the Lord; it was a fair wonder to hear him pray—but the family has aye had a gift that way." This father was twice married, once to a dark woman of the old Ellwald stock, by whom he had Gilbert, presently of Cauldstaneslap; and, secondly, to the mother of Kirstie. "He was an auld man when he married, a fell auld man wi' a muckle voice—you could hear him routing from the top o' the kye-stairs," she said; "but for her, it appears she was a perfit wonder. It was gentle bluid she had, Mr. Archie, for it was your ain. The country-side gael gyte about her and her gowden hair. Mines is no to be mentioned wi' it—and there's few weemen has mair hair than what I have, or yet a bonnier color."

On the death of the father there remained golden-haired Kirstie, who took service with her distant kinsfolk, the Rutherfords, and black-a-vised Gilbert, twenty years older, who farmed the Cauldstaneslap, married, and begot four sons between 1773 and 1784, and a daughter, like a postscript, in 1798, the year of Nelson and the Nile. It seemed it was a tradition in the family to wind up with a belated girl. In 1804, at the age of sixty, Gilbert met an end that might be called heroic. He was due home from market any time from eight at night till five in the morning, and in any condition from the quarrelsome to the speechless; for he maintained to that age the goodly customs of the Scots farmer. It was known on this occasion that he had a good bit of money to bring home; the word had gone round loosely. The laird had shown his guineas, and, if anybody had but noticed it, there was an ill-looking vagabond crew, the scum of Edinburgh, that drew out of the market long ere it was dusk and took the hill-road by Hermiston, where it was not to be believed that they had lawful business. One of the country-side, one Dickieson, they took with them to be their guide, and dear he paid for it! Of a sudden, in the ford of the Brocken Dykes, this vermin clan fell on the laird, six to one, and him three parts asleep, having drunk hard. But it is ill to catch an Elliott. For a while, in the night and the black water that was deep as to his saddle-girths, he wrought with his staff like a smith at his stithy, and great was the sound of oaths and blows. With that the ambushcade was burst, and he rode for home with a pistol-ball in him, three knife wounds, the loss of his front teeth, a broken rib and bridle, and a dying horse. That was a race with death that the laird rode! In the mirk night, with his broken bridle and his head swimming, he dug his spurs to the rowels in the horse's side, and the horse, that was even worse off than himself—the poor creature!—screamed out loud like a person as he went, so that the hills echoed with it, and the folks at Cauldstaneslap got to their feet about the table and looked at each other with white faces. The horse fell dead at the yard gate, the laird won the length of the house and fell there on the threshold. To the son that raised him he gave the bag of money. "Hae," said he. All the way up the

thieves had seemed to him to be at his heels, but now the hallucination left him; he saw them again in the place of the ambushcade, and the thirst for vengeance seized on his dying mind. Raising himself and pointing with an imperious finger, into the black night from which he had come, he uttered the single command, "Brocken Dykes," and fainted. He had never been loved, but he had been feared in honor. At that sight, at that word, gasped out at them from a toothless and bleeding mouth, the old Elliott spirit awoke with a shout in the four sons. "Wanting the hat," continues my author, Kirstie, whom I but haltingly follow, for she told this tale like one inspired, "wanting guns, for there wasnae twa grains o' powder in the house, wi' nae mair weepens than their sticks into their hands, the fower o' them took the road. Only Hob, and that was the eldest, hunkered at the doorsill where the blood had rin, fyled his hand wi' it, and haddit up to heaven in the way o' the auld Border aith. 'Hell shall have her ain again this night!' he raired, and rode forth upon his errand." It was three miles to Brocken Dykes, down hill, and a sore road. Kirstie has seen men from Edinburgh dismounting there in plain day to lead their horses. But the four brothers rode it as if Auld Hornie were behind and heaven in front. Come to the ford, and there was Dickieson. By all tales, he was not dead, but breathed and reared upon his elbow and cried out to them for help. It was at a graceless face that he asked mercy. As soon as Hob saw, by the glint of the lantern, the eyes shining and the whiteness of the teeth in the man's face,—"you!" says he; "ye hae your teeth, hae ye?" and rode his horse to and fro upon that human remnant. Beyond that, Dandie must dismount with the lantern to be their guide; he was the youngest son, scarce twenty at the time. "A' nicht long they gaed in the wet heath and jennipers, and whaur they gaed they neither knew nor cared, but just followed the bluid stains and the footprints o' their father's murderers. And a' nicht Dandie had his nose to the grund like a tyke, and the others followed and spak naething, neither black nor white. There was nae noise to be heard, but just the sough of the swalled burns, and Hob, the dour yin, rispin his teeth as he gaed." With the first glint of the morning they saw they were on the drove road, and at that the four stopped and had a dram to their breakfasts, for they knew that Dand must have guided them right, and the rogues could be but little ahead, hot foot for Edinburgh by the way of the Pentland Hills. By eight o'clock they had word of them—a shepherd had seen four men "uncoly mishandled" go by in the last hour. "That's yin a piece," says Clem, and swung his cudgel. "Five o' them!" says Hob. "God's death, but the father was a man! And him drunk!" And then there befell them what my author termed "a sair misbegowk," for they were overtaken by a posse of mounted neighbors, come to aid in the pursuit. Four sour faces looked on the re-enforcement. "The deil's broughten you!" said Clem, and they rode thenceforward in the rear of the party with hanging heads. Before ten they had found and secured the rogues, and by three of the afternoon, as they rode up the Vennel with their prisoners, they were aware of a concourse of people bearing in their midst something that dripped. "For the body of the saxt," pursued Kirstie, "wi' his head smashed like a hazlenut, had been a' that night in the chairge o' Hermiston Water, and it duntin it on the stanes and grundling it on the shallows, and flinging the deid thing heels-over-gurdie at the Fa's o' Spango; and in the first o' the day Tweed had got a hold o' him and carried him off like a wind—for it was uncely swalled—and raced wi' him, bobbing under brae-sides, and was long playing with the creature in the drumlie lynns under the castle, and at the hinder end of all cuist him up on the starling of Crossmichael brig. Sae there they were a'the-gither at last (for Dickieson had been brought in on a cart long syne), and folk could see what mainner o' man my brither had been that had held his head again sax and saved the siller, and him drunk!" Thus died of honorable injuries and in the savor of fame Gilbert Elliott of the Cauldstaneslap; but his sons had scarce less glory out of the business. Their savage haste, the skill with which Dand had found and followed the trail, the barbarity to the wounded Dickieson (which was like an open secret in the country), and the doom which it was currently supposed they had intended for the others, struck and stirred popular imagination. Some century earlier the last of the minstrels might have fashioned the last of the ballads out of that Homeric fight and chase; but the spirit was dead, or had been reincarnated already in Mr. Sheriff Scott, and the degenerate moorsmen must be content to tell the tale in prose and to make of the "Four Black Brothers" a unit after the fashion of the "Twelve Apostles" or the "Three Musketeers."

Robert, Gilbert, Clement, and Andrew—in

the proper Border diminutive, Hob, Gib, Clem, and Dand Elliott—those ballad heroes, had much in common, in particular their high sense of the family and the family honor; but they went diverse ways, and prospered and failed in different businesses. It was a current remark that the Elliotts were "guid and bad, like sangushes"; and certainly there was a curious distinction, the men of business coming alternately with the dreamers. The second brother, Gib, was a weaver by trade, had gone out early into the world to Edinburgh, and come home again with his wings singed. There was an exaltation in his nature which had led him to embrace with enthusiasm the principles of the French Revolution, and had ended by bringing him under the hawse of my Lord Hermiston in that furious onslaught of his upon the Liberals, which sent Mure and Palmer into exile and dashed the party into chaff. It was whispered that my lord, in his great scorn for the movement, and prevailed upon a little by a sense of neighborliness, had given Gib a hint. Meeting him one day in the Potter Row, my lord had stopped in front of him. "Gib, ye eediot," he had said, "what's this I hear of ye? Poalitics, poalitics, poalitics, weaver's poalitics, is the way of it, I hear. If ye arenae a'thegither dozed with eedioty ye'll gang ways back to Cauldstaneslap, and ca' ye'r loom, ca' ye'r loom, man!" And Gilbert had taken him at the word and returned, with an expedition almost to be called flight, to the house of his father. The clearest of his inheritance was that family gift of prayer of which Kirstie had boasted; and the baffled politician now turned his attention to religious matters—or, as others said, to heresy and schism. Every Sunday morning he was in Crossmichael, where he had gathered together, one by one, a sect of about a dozen persons, who called themselves "God's Remnant of the True Faithful"; or, for short, "God's Remnant." To the profane they were known as "Gib's Deils." Baillie Sweedie, a noted humorist in the town, vowed that the proceedings always opened to the tune of "The Deil Fly Away with the Exciseman," and that the sacrament was dispensed in the form of hot-whisky toddy; both wicked hits at the evangelist, who had been suspected of smuggling in his youth, and had been overtaken (as the phrase went) on the streets of Crossmichael one Fair day. It was known that every Sunday they prayed for a blessing on the arms of Bonaparte. For this, "God's Remnant," as they were "sealing" from the cottage that did duty for a temple, had been repeatedly stoned by the bairns, and Gib himself hooted by a squadron of Border volunteers, in which his own brother, Dand, rode in a uniform and with a drawn sword. The "Remnant" were believed, besides, to be "antinomian in principle," which might otherwise have been a serious charge, but the way public opinion then blew it was quite swallowed up and forgotten in the scandal about Bonaparte. For the rest, Gilbert set up his loom in an out-house at Cauldstaneslap, where he labored assiduously six days of the week. His brothers, appalled by his political opinions and willing to avoid dissension in the household, spoke but little to him; he less to them, remaining absorbed in the study of the Bible and almost constant prayer. The gaunt weaver was dry-nurse at Cauldstaneslap, and the bairns loved him dearly. Except when he was carrying an infant in his arms he was rarely seen to smile—as, indeed, there were few smiles in that family. When his sister-in-law rallied him, and proposed that he should get a wife and bairns of his own, since he was fond of them, "I have no clearness of mind upon that point," he would reply. If nobody called him to dinner he stayed out. Mrs. Hobb, a hard, unsympathetic woman, once tried the experiment. He went without food all day, but at dusk, as the light began to fail him, he came into the house of his own accord, looking puzzled. "I've had a great gale of prayer upon my speerit," said he. "I canna mind sae muckle's what I had for dinner." The creed of God's Remnant was justified in the life of its founder. "And yet I dinna ken," said Kirstie. "He's maybe no more stockfish than his neighbors! He rode wi' the rest o' them, and had a good stomach to the work, by a' that I hear! God's Remnant! The deil's clavers! There wasnae muckle Christianity in the way Hob guided Johnny Dickieson, at the least of it; but Guid kens! Is he a Christian even? He might be a Mahommedan or a deevil or a Fire-worshiper, for what I ken."

The third brother had his name on a door-plate, no less, in the city of Glasgow, "Mr. Clement Elliott," as long as your arm. In his case that spirit of innovation which had shown itself timidly in the case of Hob by the admission of new manures, and which had run to waste with Gilbert in subversive politics and heretical religions, bore useful fruit in many ingenious mechanical improvements. In boyhood, from his addiction to strange devices of sticks and string, he had been counted the most eccentric of the family. But that was all by now; and he was a partner of his firm, and

looked to die a baillie. He, too, had married and was rearing a plentiful family in the smoke and din of Glasgow; he was wealthy, and could have bought out his brother, the cock-laird, six times over, it was whispered; and when he slipped away to Cauldstaneslap for a well-earned holiday, which he did as often as he was able, he astonished the neighbors with his broadcloth, his beaver hat, and the ample piles of his neckcloth. Though an eminently solid man at bottom, after the pattern of Hob, he had contracted a certain Glasgow briskness and aplomb which set him off. All the other Elliotts were as lean as a rake, but Clement was laying on fat, and he panted sorely when he must get into his boots. Dand said, chuckling: "Ay, Clem has the elements of a corporation." "A provost and corporation," returned Clem. And his readiness was much admired.

The fourth brother, Dand, was a shepherd to his trade, and by starts, when he could bring his mind to it, excelled in the business. Nobody could train a dog like Dandie; nobody, through the peril of great storms in the winter time, could do more gallantly. But if his dexterity were exquisite, his diligence was but fitful; and he served his brother for bed and board, and a trifle of pocket-money when he asked for it. He loved money well enough, knew very well how to spend it, and could make a shrewd bargain when he liked. But he preferred a vague knowledge that he was well to windward to any counted coins in the pocket; he felt himself richer so. Hob would expostulate. "I'm an amature herd," Dand would reply; "I'll keep your sheep to you when I'm so minded, but I'll keep my liberty, too. Thir's no man can coaudescend on what I'm worth." Clem would expound to him the miraculous results of compound interest, and recommend investments. "Aye, man?" Dand would say, "and do you think, if I took Hob's siller, that I wouldnae drink it or wear it on the lassies? And, anyway, my kingdom is no of this world. Either I'm a poet or else I'm naething." Clem would remind him of old age. "I'll die young, like Robbie Burns," he would say, stoutly. No question but he had a certain accomplishment in minor verse. His "Hermiston Burn," with its pretty refrain—

"I love to gang thinking whaur ye gang linking,
Hermiston Burn, in the howe."

his "Auld, auld Elliotts, clay-cauld Elliotts, dour bauld Elliotts of auld," and his really fascinating piece about the Praying Weaver's Stone, had gained him in the neighborhood the reputation, still possible in Scotland, of a local bard; and, though not printed himself, he was recognized by others who were and who had become famous. Walter Scott owed to him the text of the "Raid of Wearie" in the "Minstrelsy"; and he made him welcome at his house, and appreciated his talents, such as they were, with all his usual generosity. The Ettrick Shepherd was his sworn enemy; they would meet, drink to excess, roar out their lyrics in each other's faces, and quarrel and make up again till bed-time. And besides these recognitions, almost to be called official, Dandie was made welcome for the sake of his gift through the farm-houses of several contiguous dales, and was thus exposed to manifold temptations, which he rather sought than fled. He had figured on the stool of repentance, for once fulfilling to the letter the tradition of his hero and model. His humorous verses to Mr. Torrence on that occasion—"Kenspeckle, here my lane I stand"—unfortunately too indelicate for further citation, ran through the country like a fiery cross; they were recited, quoted, paraphrased, and laughed over as far away as Dumfries on the one hand and Dunbar on the other.

These four brothers were united by a close bond, the bond of that mutual admiration—or, rather, mutual hero-worship—which is so strong among the secluded families who have much ability and little culture. Even the extremes admired each other. Hob, who had as much poetry as the tongs, professed to find pleasure in Dand's verses; Clem, who had no more religion than Claverhouse, nourished a heartfelt, at least an open-mouthed, admiration of Gib's prayers; and Dandie followed with relish the rise of Clem's fortunes. To appreciate the implicit simplicity of their mutual admiration it was necessary to hear Clem, arrived upon one of his visits, and dealing in a spirit of continuous irony with the affairs and personalities of that great city of Glasgow where he lived and transacted business. The various personages, ministers of the church, municipal officers, mercantile big-wigs, whom he had occasion to introduce, were all alike belittled; all served but as reflectors to cast back a flattering side-light on the house of Cauldstaneslap.

It will be understood that not all this information was communicated by the aunt, who had too much of the family failing herself to appreciate it thoroughly in others. But as time went on Archie began to observe an omission in the family chronicle.

"Is there not a girl, too?" he asked.

(To be continued.)

The Situation in Cuba.

(Continued from page 275.)

necessary, in order to win from Spain, to cut off from her all sources of revenue. The house in which I am receiving you is worth fifty thousand dollars. I have two more in the city, and would gladly see the three of them burned to the ground if it can help the cause. In short, every Cuban in the island would rather be ruined and killed than to see any longer the hated flag of Spain waving over this country." These feelings every Cuban I met expressed in the same way.

General Weyler's proclamation, issued upon his arrival, prohibited any person from passing the Spanish lines under penalty of being arrested should it happen in the day-time, or shot without warning at night. Not a single pass has been issued to war correspondents, and every one will remember the terrible experiences, in Morro Castle, of the correspondent of the New York Journal, who had ventured near the Spanish lines. It will be readily understood from this that all the news sent to the New York press is either the official news given away by the Captain-General's government or reports brought by natives coming from the country.

Shortly after my arrival in Havana Captain-General Weyler, of whom I shall write later on, kindly gave me a *salvo conducto*, or permit, allowing me to pass the Spanish lines, to travel inland, and to proceed to the plantation Mercedes de Carrillo, situated near Colon. We had then great difficulties in finding a guide willing to accompany me. The Spanish ones absolutely refused for fear of being caught and hanged by the rebels, while the Cubans could not possibly be induced to leave the city, being fearful that they would be shot by the Spaniards. At last a Mr. Garcia, a Cuban, who has lived in New York for several years, consented "to take his life in his hands," as he put it, and to accompany me.

We left Havana at six o'clock in the morning for Matanzas, where we had to change trains. The station was strongly guarded by troops. The train was made up of an engine, two armored cars full of soldiers, a third, a second, and a first-class car. In addition to this, another engine went flying two hundred yards ahead of us to see whether the line was clear. To the surprise of all, the train was not fired upon, and we reached Matanzas without much trouble, though we were several hours behind time, having been stopped again and again for some unknown causes. All along the line the stations have been burned to the ground; the cane-fields, as far as the eye could see, had also been burned; the many sugar-factories were desolated and silent, and every few yards we could see the iron wheels of the hundreds of cars destroyed by the insurgents—all this in the Province of Havana, the stronghold of Spain.

At Matanzas, the following day, I learned that there would be no train that day for Colon, the insurgents having appeared in great force everywhere. I was told by the railroad officials that should they be allowed by the government to run passenger trains the insurgents would never interfere with those. But the government wishes the trains to be protected by armored cars full of soldiers. These the insurgents will not allow to pass when they can stop them, and it is for this reason that nearly every train is attacked.

I decided while in Matanzas to go out of the city, past the Spanish lines if possible, to the famous Caves of Bellamar, which extend under the sea for miles. The end has never been reached yet, and some people believe they may go clear across the Atlantic. The entrance to these caves is about three miles from Matanzas, and a mile and a half from the line of Spanish forts which surrounds the city. There we were stopped by the sentries, and in spite of my *salvo conducto* I had some difficulty before being allowed to pass. At the caves the proprietor told me that bands of from twenty-five to three hundred insurgents come every night to find shelter in his buildings. "Why?" I exclaimed, "here, a mile from the Spanish forts?" "Yes, señor." "And you mean to say," I inquired, "that these Spaniards never come out to fight them?" "No; never."

A short time ago five hundred Spaniards went reconnoitring out of Matanzas city. When four miles away they were told that a force of insurgents was ahead. The officers immediately consulted and—two hundred and fifty men to the left, two hundred and fifty to the right—they went back to Matanzas! That very night I spent in Matanzas, one thousand men were sent out of the city. On a hill, just above it, near the gates of the city, they were attacked by the insurgents and a large number of these men were killed, though it was never officially reported.

The following morning, at six o'clock, a train similar to the one I had taken from Havana was sent out of Matanzas to Colon. Seven times was that train stopped and three times fired upon, until we reached a village occupied by

twelve hundred soldiers and surrounded by forts. There we heard that we could go no farther, for a bridge situated a quarter of a mile from this place had just been burned by the insurgents! Just think of it—only four hundred yards from the twelve hundred Spanish soldiers! At last the bridge was repaired, and after many more stops and more firing we reached Mercedes de Carrillo. Gomez had been there with four thousand men only three days before. When he appeared the soldiers who were guarding the forts which have been built around the estate disappeared. But two days after Gomez's departure they came back, in hot pursuit of the Cuban leader, and bravely shooting at everything in sight. The day before my arrival (to show that they fear nothing) they shot down, without the slightest reason or provocation, four of the best servants of the household. One of them was the brother of the housekeeper, and with tears in her eyes the poor woman told me the story. Shortly afterward the Spanish lieutenant who had charge of the forces on the estate appeared, half-drunk, and exclaimed: "I hear altogether too much talking concerning the four bla-guards we shot. If you don't stop I shall take a few more and put them against the wall!" Brave soldier!

A. B. DE GUERVILLE.

Hon. Hoke Smith.

ANECDOTES OF HIS BOYHOOD DAYS.

HON. HOKE SMITH, the Secretary of the Interior, is one of the leading figures of national politics, and just now is especially conspicuous on account of the fight he is making for sound money within the ranks of the Democratic party down in Georgia. A joint debate has been in progress for some weeks between him and ex-Speaker Crisp, who is seeking an election to the United States Senate as an advanced free-silver advocate, and the whole State is becoming aroused to the importance of the issue. There are some who believe that, as a result of the hot discussions now in progress and the acute Democratic divisions over the financial question, the Republicans will be able to carry the State in the next election, but this is hardly probable, though the latter party may here and there gain some local advantages. The prominence which Mr. Smith enjoys as the administration champion in this contest, as well as his official eminence, render the following sketch of his early life peculiarly timely and interesting.

Hoke Smith was born in the president's house at Catawba College, North Carolina, his father, Dr. H. H. Smith, being at that time president; but when the boy was eighteen months old the family removed to the little town of Chapel Hill, Dr. Smith having accepted the position of professor of modern languages at the State University.

One Sunday morning, when Hoke was four years old, a member of the college faculty appeared in the church with his bride, and Dr. and Mrs. Smith were much amused at the serious manner in which their son kept his eyes glued upon the lady. "Well, Hoke," inquired the doctor, later on, "what is your opinion of the bride?"

"I think," replied the boy, "that she is very purty and a good skolar."

But even when Hoke Smith spelled "pretty" and "scholar" in this original way he had

made up his mind in regard to two things—he would be a "good scholar" and a "good lawyer." At five years of age he began his "real lessons." His father was to him teacher, adviser, "next best friend," and chum. They spent hours together every day, the doctor reading aloud the poems of Sir Walter Scott, the Waverley and other standard novels, and passages from the works of Milton and Shakespeare. The doctor read slowly and carefully, pausing to explain the meaning of words and encouraging the asking of questions. The books the boy loved best to read to himself were Abbott's brilliantly covered little histories. "But I can learn more in the court-room," said the embryo lawyer, "than I can learn at school."

Toward the close of the war nine-year-old Hoke accompanied his grandmother to Wilmington. The city was besieged by the Federals, and Hoke's uncle, General Hoke, was in command of the Confederates. The officers, calling in a body to pay their respects to Mrs. Hoke, were highly edified by young Hoke discussing with detailed familiarity the military careers of Cyrus the Great, Alfred, Charlemagne, and others.

The boy was permitted to ride one of his uncle's fine horses around the square near his grandmother's house. He felt very proud and important with his servant following after. But for days a boy on the sidewalk watched the boy on horseback, his heart boiling over with envy. "Greeny!" he called out at last. "Hello, Greeny!"

An indignant flush stole into the cheeks of the Southern gentleman as he rode on.

"You don't sit your horse very well, Greeny. You ain't very pretty, neither, Greeny!"

The word "greeny" was more than flesh and blood could bear. The general's horse stood still, the servant showed his white teeth as both boys occupied the sidewalk.

"I may be a greeny," said Hoke, solemnly, "but I can thrash the boy who says so."

There was an eager, earnest invitation from the city lad to put the matter to a test, an immediate adjournment to the safety of a back yard, a "sharp, decisive action of a few minutes," and the country lad issued forth with victory perched on his broad shoulders.

In 1865, with the tidings of General Lee's surrender, the college town filled up with Northern soldiers on their way South to unite with Sherman's forces. Hoke was a welcome visitor to the camp. It was amusing to see the young Southerner drawing lines in the sand to show the Northern officers the course of Grant's and Sherman's armies in full retreat across Canada and Alaska, with Johnston's victorious troops close at their heels; for the lad's plan of campaign was not limited to any State or section.

One of the troopers presented the boy with an old white mule, badly galled in the back. Young Hoke, having an eye to business, gave his undivided attention to the mule, and after two weeks of careful doctoring, sold it to a farmer for twenty-five dollars in gold.

In 1868 the State University was suspended, and Dr. Smith and family removed to Lincoln-ton. Here Hoke spent three years in a classical school taught by his father and a Mr. Whetmore.

At Lincoln-ton, from the time he was thirteen, Hoke always had a piece of land which he cultivated for his own use,

plowing and hoeing his corn and cradling his wheat. The summer after he was fourteen, during an absence of his father, a large field of wheat needed cutting. The boy found



HON. HOKE SMITH.

that he could hire all the binders he needed, but that cradlers were extremely scarce. His own experience in the use of the cradle was limited to a single little crop of wheat, but without hesitation in the face of the difficulty he entered the field behind a first-class cradler and "kept up" from day-dawn to sundown.

During the winter vacation of the same year Hoke hired a man to cut wood upon a piece of his father's land, situated about a mile and a half from Lincoln-ton, and with the use of two old horses he loaded, hauled, and unloaded the wood all over town, selling one hundred and fifty loads, and clearing a profit of that many dollars. To do this the boy was obliged to rise with the sun and work until dark. The only recreation he allowed himself was wrestling once a day with the man who was cutting wood. At the beginning of the wood business the chopper could throw the hauler, but before it ended the hauler could throw the chopper. The fourteen-year-old boy was as strong as an ox and as straight as a pine. He was sturdily self-reliant and earnest, possessing wonderful capacity for hard work and determination and will-power that accomplishes the desired end in the face of seemingly impassable obstacles. At the age of seventeen Hoke Smith was admitted to the Bar.

Handwriting is said to portray character. I append the signature of the youngest man in the Cabinet.

Hoke Smith
LOUISE R. BAKER.

People Talked About.

—THE "favorite-son" booms are faring badly. The Bradley boom in Kentucky, the Davis boom in Minnesota, the Manderson and Cullom booms in Nebraska and Illinois, all have collapsed before the assaults of Governor McKinley's friends, and there are one or two other "favorite sons," so-called, who seem to be in danger of a similar eclipse.

—Telegrams from Miss Clara Barton give an encouraging report of the relief work which is being prosecuted by her agents in Armenia.

The suffering is so universal and intense, however, that the succor supplied by American charity needs to be greatly enlarged, and urgent appeals for funds are made by the committee in this city. Miss Barton's persistence and courage of purpose seem to have made a decided impression even on the stolid Turk.

—The loveliest little Blue-Grass matron who ever fluttered into the "holy estate" before her term of brilliant budhood had half expired, is Mrs. Frederick Lewis Brown, of Lexington, Kentucky, a six-months' wife, not "sweet and twenty"—at least not "twenty"—yet. Mrs. Brown is the daughter of a distinguished father, Mr. Claude M. Johnson, a Kentuckian of much culture and political prominence, formerly



MRS. FREDERICK L. BROWN.

mayor of the Blue-Grass capital, and, since Cleveland's administration, chief of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing at Washington, D. C. Pretty Margaret Johnson tasted the joys and triumphs of half a Washington season, then suddenly danced blithely over the traces. What is a grand diplomatic alliance in the scale with love! Isn't there an ancient legend about love and locksmiths, to say nothing of rope-ladders and Kentucky pluck? Miss Johnson and Mr. Brown found them all convenient commodities.

—The remarkable popular success of the first Cuban-war drama, "The Last Stroke," makes the personality of the author, Isaac N. Morris, of current interest. Mr. Morris is a slender and rather boyish-looking young man of perhaps twenty-nine years, who has recently been a resident of Washington. Previous to his debut in dramatic authorship with "Rival Candidates," which had a brief run in New York two years ago, he had made a creditable name as a newspaper writer in St. Paul and Chicago. He is a great-grandson of Senator Morris, of Ohio.

—Mr. Reed's prominence as an aspirant for the Republican Presidential nomination has brought to light many recollections of his student days at Bowdoin College, where, it seems, he had already attained prominence as a public speaker. There is an interesting example of the democracy of college life in the statement that his chum at Bowdoin was the son of his father's employer, his father being at that time a watchman in a Portland sugar warehouse. Even in those days Mr. Reed was remarkable for his physical size, and a few years after his graduation he had almost as much spare avoirdupois as he has now.

—The joint resolution promoting Major-General Miles to the rank of lieutenant-general seems likely to pass Congress, having been reported favorably to the House. General Miles was engaged in every battle of the Army of the Potomac, with one exception, and he was then absent on account of wounds received in battle. He was four times wounded—thrice badly. His services during the reconstruction period in the South, as well as the duty performed by him subsequently in the West, are favorably commented upon in the House report, and high praise is accorded to him for his administrative, judicial, and executive abilities.

Minutiae.

ONE little crimson feather
Saves the robin's throat
From imaging the linnet's
Gray, unchanging robe.

ONE little fluff of fleece-cloud,
Career past the sun,
May shade some scorching eyelid
Ere its race be run.

ONE little hot word bridled,
Reined in with burning pain,
Marks any day a jewel
Forth-flaming not in vain.

ONE little hand thrust out through
Thy window shutterless,
Hangs dew upon these lashes
Long fired with hopelessness.

MAE STJOHN BRANHAM.

St. Luke's Hospital. Cathedral of St. John the Divine.
Columbia College.

Spire of St. Patrick's Cathedral.



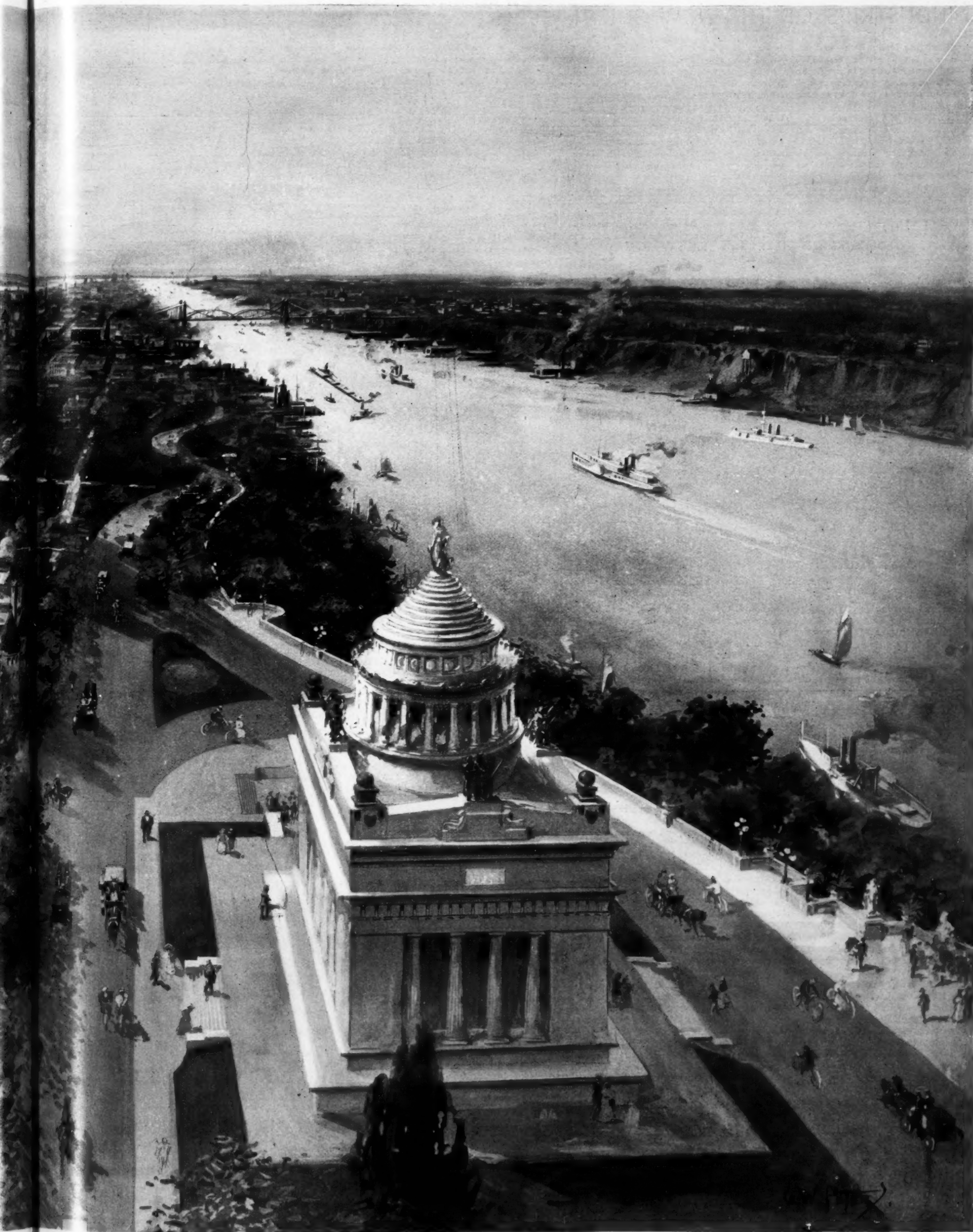
Proposed park connecting Morningside Park and Riverside Drive.

THE GRANT MONUMENT ON RIVERSIDE DRIVE, NEW YORK

BIRDS-EYE VIEW OF THE MONUMENT, THE HUDSON RIVER, THE NEW COLUMBIA COLLEGE, THE ST. LUKES HOSPITAL, THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST, AND OTHER CONTEMPLATED METROPOLITAN IMPROVEMENTS.
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The proposed Hudson River Bridge.

The Palisades.



Riverside Drive.

The Grant Tomb.

NEW YORK CITY, AS IT WILL APPEAR WHEN COMPLETED.

OF ST. JOHN THE DIVINE, THE PROJECTED PARK AND BOULEVARD LEADING FROM MORNINGSIDE PARK TO RIVERSIDE DRIVE, THE PROJECTED BRIDGE
AN IMPROVEMENTS.—DRAWN BY G. W. PETERS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS AND ARCHITECTS' PLANS.
1890, 1891, 1892, 1893, 1894, 1895, 1896, 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903, 1904, 1905, 1906, 1907, 1908, 1909, 1910, 1911, 1912, 1913, 1914, 1915, 1916, 1917, 1918, 1919, 1920, 1921, 1922, 1923, 1924, 1925, 1926, 1927, 1928, 1929, 1930, 1931, 1932, 1933, 1934, 1935, 1936, 1937, 1938, 1939, 1940, 1941, 1942, 1943, 1944, 1945, 1946, 1947, 1948, 1949, 1950, 1951, 1952, 1953, 1954, 1955, 1956, 1957, 1958, 1959, 1960, 1961, 1962, 1963, 1964, 1965, 1966, 1967, 1968, 1969, 1970, 1971, 1972, 1973, 1974, 1975, 1976, 1977, 1978, 1979, 1980, 1981, 1982, 1983, 1984, 1985, 1986, 1987, 1988, 1989, 1990, 1991, 1992, 1993, 1994, 1995, 1996, 1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560

THE INDUSTRIES OF THE NEW SOUTH.

THE new South has lately been on dress-parade in Atlanta, but the working South, the every-day South, is an exposition in itself. To be fully appreciated, the South must be seen at home, with her apron around her waist and her sleeves rolled up.

Very little can be seen of a people at an exposition. Under the fringe of bunting, the embroidery of gray moss, and the flare of electric lights, the most ordinary products can be shown off to advantage. It is better to go among the people in their work-shops and find out what they are doing. There is no admission and there will be no crowding. The prejudices of the old South have disappeared. At the outset let us dismiss the idea that the women of the South were ever drones. There never was a more mistaken idea. The sphere of female endeavor was limited. The Southern community was made up of agricultural people. City life was rare. But the routine of duty on the farm was varied and exacting, and the wife of the slave-holder was burdened with multiplicity of cares. When freedom came the Southern woman, as well as the black slave, was emancipated.

With the development of the South and the growth of diversified industry, a new field was opened for woman's work. One of the best opportunities was presented in the fruit-growing fields of southern Georgia. This industry is a great and growing one. The fruit belt of Georgia, a strip of land one hundred miles long and one hundred and fifty miles wide, extending from Atlanta far below Macon, has become the most productive section of the South. Fruit-growers from Ohio and Connecticut have planted orchards of hundreds of thousands of trees and are reaping riches from the clear-stone and the seedlings. Crops worth one hundred thousand dollars on the trees are secured every year, and the shipment of three thousand car-loads of peaches from one county has made the fruit-grower content with this season's growth.

But with the development of the peach-tree the Southern maiden has come out in all her glory, like Rebecca at the well. She has appeared at the packing-house and the canning-factory, and for six weeks in the season the first young women in the country earn one dollar a day and have no end of exercise and fun. She comes out in her white dress and piquant hat, and if she stains her hands she does not ruin her health or reputation. No one loses caste in her "set" for signing with the peach-shippers for the season. She has taste and industry, and the fruit-grower is the gainer by securing this high class of labor, for his peach-boxes are skillfully and honestly packed. They bear on their faces the impress of ladylike treatment. "Blood will tell," even to the bottom of the peach-basket, and the thoroughbred "Elberta" must have gentle handling. This is a new departure, when the village belle leaves her piano and her pretty home, when the well-to-do farmer's daughter, with the pink of the peach-blossom in her face, flocks to the spot where the orchard wagon empties its riches into the tin vats or the willow crates. Verily, the new South has a healthy and thrifty race of women, and they will become the mothers of men. The orchard presents a livelier picture than the old cotton plantation.

Suppose we enter the city of Montgomery, Alabama, over the line of the Louisville and Nashville Railway. After the train crosses the Alabama River the track winds over a rich expanse of bottom land, dotted with truck-gardens, luxuriant fields of corn and cotton, stately wind-mills, spacious barns, and brown herds of Jerseys browsing in stubble-fields. Over the hills in the distance springs the white dome of the State capitol, under which Jefferson Davis, thirty-four years ago, delivered his inaugural address as President of the Southern Confederacy. Mr. Davis himself, at that time, was a large cotton-planter in Mississippi. If he could have foreseen that a generation later a Union soldier would come to Montgomery and with the assistance of free labor develop one of the

best and most lucrative farms in the South, he might have altered the tone of that address. The facts are that one of Sherman's men did purchase two thousand acres of river bottom land, just outside of Montgomery, which had been worn out from long culture of cotton, and that he fertilized and improved it in every way; that he paid for this princely possession out of the yield of the soil; that to-day the best return to the acre in tomatoes, corn, cotton, pea-vine, bean, is secured, and that the finest dairy in Alabama exists upon the place. The fact that its owner is not only one of the most successful, but one of the most popular, citizens in Alabama shows that no proscriptive spirit rules the people of the new South. Just to the right of the handsome State capitol, which is pointed out to visitors as the cradle of seces-



COTTON-MILL AND MONOLITH, AUGUSTA, GEORGIA.—Photograph by O. Pierr Havens.

sion, stands a graceful cenotaph, the climax of the picture, erected by the women of Alabama to the soldiers of the South; while new lines of electric railway, stately bank structures, and well-paved avenues mark the growth of "Modern Montgomery."

Along the banks of the narrow Augusta Canal, cut out in 1845, were ranged, during the Civil War, the trim and scattered brick mills of the Confederate Powder Works. These mills were in charge of General George W. Raines, an experienced chemist and West Point military graduate. Jefferson Davis pronounced them the best and most complete mills of the young Confederacy. They were convenient to the water for power, transportation, and fire-fighting purposes, and from one of the central structures a brick chimney was erected two hundred feet in height. This was the draught flue of the main engine, and was the most conspicuous object on the suburbs of the city. Long after the war ceased the powder-mill remained a black and deserted row of buildings. The smokeless chimney-top continued a silent reminder of the strife, and yet the fires at its base had been extinguished and this grim and shapely monolith was merely a reminiscence. To-day one hundred thousand cotton spindles whirl and flutter on the site of the old powder-works, and the ashy pits, where charcoal was stored and where silent men pursued their murderous vocation, occasionally blowing themselves up and shattering the brick compartments, have given way to looms and shuttles, where bright-faced women and happy children move to and fro and spin white threads and weave snowy cloth. The chimney is now a memorial shaft. A marble tablet has been placed in the broad base of the tower, and the stately monument throws its peaceful shadow across the new canal, broader and deeper than the old, and over the handsomest cotton-factory in the South.

P. A. S.

Grant's Last Comrade.

GENERAL GRANT has a close companion in his long sleep at Riverside. On the brow of the hill, a few yards away, stands a little square tomb. It is a picture of desolation, for it has long been neglected. Under it lies the body of a child. There is no other grave for miles around.

The tomb is a cube of thirty inches, and is of stone, sided up with thin marble. It was made to resemble solid marble, but ninety-five years of storm and neglect and vandalism have exposed the pathetic counterfeit. In those days marble was hard to get, and the dead child's people were doubtless poor. Surrounding the

grave is a low iron fence, and the inclosure about the tomb has been covered with sod. The fence and the sod were put there years ago by General Viele, the Father of Riverside Park.

When Riverside came to be laid out, it was proposed by some subordinate that the body should be taken away, as an incumbrance to the new resort, but this man of heart said it should not be done. Being the chief of the department, his word prevailed; so there the child still rests.

On the face of the cube looking across Riverside drive to the crest of Claremont, where the Grant mausoleum stands, is this inscription:

Erected
to the memory of
An Amiable child
St. Claire Pollock
Died 15 July, 1797
in 5 year of his age.

On the opposite side, facing the Hudson, is the Bible verse one hears at funerals:

"Man born of woman is of few days and full of

trouble. He cometh forth like a flower and is cut down; he fleeth also as a shadow and continueth not."

When new the tomb must have been quite handsome. The marble urn which surmounts the column is of classic design and is neatly chiseled. It is sadly shattered, for once on a time a shifty villain broke it open, thinking to find something within to steal. The break was carefully repaired under the orders of General Viele before he left the city's service for the higher call to Washington; but the device of the pretty capital is marred and can never be restored.

No shade is near. Once there was an oak close by, which tradition says was planted when the child was buried, but it shared the flowers' fate and was cut down long ago for firewood by people insensible to some other things than cold. Only the stump remains.

The spot is desolate and barren; but it is not so unlovely, either. It is a borrower of charms. At its feet sweeps proudly a stream of streams. To sunward in the west glitters a league of gold on dancing waters, and through this flashing zone plow fleets deep-sunk with commerce and pulled by spunky little tugs. Churned and fretted and lashed, the current chafes its rocks. Hoarse trumpets blast for "sides," and merrily salute. Sails glisten and fill and flap as fat-bowed sloops go zigzag up the breeze, while in the season stately day-boats, gay with the throngs of travel, with music and flag and streamer, pat gently the waves and glide along. Tiny barks skim bravely here and there. Lined sharply on a copper sky the Palisades stand strong and majestic. In the shadows of the farther shore are pretty villages, clinging as vines on rugged steep—Fort Lee to the north, Pleasant Valley just over, sleepy Edgewater down a little way.

Grant loved children. His great heart had a warm place for every one of them. It was here that he found purity. In his later life he was cynical. He doubted more and more the unselfishness, the sincerity of mankind. No man ever lived who had a better chance to judge; few have suffered more from trusting men whose natures were less royal than his own. Soldier-like, he conceded and expected honor in man. But no carping murmur mars his fame; his deep and patient nature held his griefs from all discovery. As years ran on, his love for children grew. Those who studied best his moods scarce knew the reason why. It was a growth from his distrust of men, and a noble one it was.

It is not unfitting, then, that tender youth should be his aide, his comrade, in this death's campaign to Paradise! EDSON BRACE.

A Notable Wedding.

PERHAPS the most distinctive and representative wedding of the many of society and fashionable interest celebrated in New York this Easter-tide, was that of Mr. Alfred R. Conkling and Miss Ethel Eastman Johnson. While the marriage of

ex-President Harrison and Mrs. Dimmick interested the public in general throughout the United States, that of Mr. Conkling and Miss Ethel Eastman Johnson drew to St. Thom-



HON. ALFRED R. CONKLING.

as's Church, where it was celebrated, not only the representatives of New York's most exclusive set in society, but of the local political and art worlds. In this way it touched more elements than almost any wedding celebrated in New York in many years.

Mr. Conkling is the son of the late Frederick Conkling and the nephew of the great Roscoe Conkling. His mother was a Miss Lorillard, and from her—for she died when he was very young—he inherited a handsome fortune. Active-minded and strong in character, the possession of large means in early life did not have the usual result of making Mr. Conkling an idle man. He went through college, being graduated with honors, and three years afterward was admitted to the New York Bar. He developed a taste for travel, and as a result of a journey to Mexico, he compiled and published "A Guide to Mexico," which is still a standard work. On the completion of this work, about ten years ago, he entered actively into New York politics, and, following the lead of his distinguished uncle, became a sturdy Republican. Elected first an alderman, and later assemblyman at Albany, he made an admirable record in both positions. He took a leading part, as first vice-president of Good Government Club F, in ferreting out election frauds, rendering most valuable service to the work of reform. Tammany Hall has no more persistent, untiring, intelligent foe, and it has been well said that "his record appeals to the intelligence of all honest men and well-wishers of New York City, irrespective of party affiliations."

Mr. Conkling published, two or three years ago, a biography of his uncle, Roscoe Conkling; and last year an elaborate and carefully compiled work on "City Government in the United States," and other works devoted to the reform of municipal government.

Miss Ethel Eastman Johnson is the only daughter of the distinguished and leading

American artist, Eastman Johnson. Through her mother she is related to the Rutherfords and other old New York families. She is a tall and handsome woman, *châtain* in coloring, and noted for her riding and driving. She is also a graceful bicyclist. She



MISS ETHEL E. JOHNSON.

has long been prominent in New York society, and is a woman of rare cultivation and fine character. The wedding was one of the most beautiful ever held in St. Thomas's. Mr. and Mrs. Conkling sailed immediately for Europe, where they will travel for a year.

FOUR PLAYERS

The Unrivalled "Rivals."

THERE is no eighteenth-century comedy which retains its vitality and present interest to the same extent as Sheridan's "Rivals," which has had a popular place on the English stage ever since its first production in 1775. There is so much in the play itself—that is, so many good things, that it is entertaining to an audience even when in incompetent hands, even the hands of amateurs. But when real and accomplished artists take the various parts it can be made to move and to sparkle as no other play which we

can call to mind. And we have seen it in America on several occasions in most distinguished hands—in the hands of the best players that have trod our boards. The most notable of these was last summer when a number of "stars" gathered about Mr. Joseph Jefferson and assisted in the presentation of this masterpiece in a way that was truly masterly. The idea was then born of giving to the country a similar presentation of the play, and after full development this idea has resulted in the following cast of characters:

Bob Acres.....Mr. Joseph Jefferson
Sir Anthony Absolute.....Mr. William H. Crane
Sir Lucius O'Trigger.....Mr. Nat. Goodwin
Captain Absolute.....Mr. Robert Taber
Falkland.....Mr. Joseph J. Holland
David.....Mr. Francis Wilson
Fag.....Mr. Edward M. Holland
Lydia Languish.....Mrs. Julia Marlowe-Taber
Lucy.....Miss Fanny Rice
Mrs. Malaprop.....Mrs. John Drew

It is possible that a stronger cast than this might have been made, but we confess that we do not know where or how to suggest any changes that would work an improvement. "The Rivals" acted by such a company of ladies and gentlemen would, without any question, have a long and prosperous run in any of the great cities of this country or England. But that is by no means the present purpose; on the contrary, great cities will be changed into one-night stands, and this company of star-players will resemble, to a certain extent, those troupes which are called, in derision, "fly-by-night companies." But the present troupe will not move from place to place on freight trains or slow locals, but it will be housed in special cars and move on special schedules. The season will last four weeks, beginning on May 4th and ending on May 30th.

The first performance will be given at Springfield in Massachusetts, and after that this will be the itinerary:

May 5th, Hartford, evening; 6th, New Haven, evening; 7th, New York, afternoon; 7th, Brooklyn, evening; 8th, Philadelphia, evening; 9th, Baltimore, afternoon; 9th, Washington, evening; 11th, Pittsburgh, evening; 12th, Louisville, evening; 13th, Cincinnati, evening; 14th, St. Louis, evening; 15th, Chicago, evening; 16th, Chicago, afternoon; 16th, Chicago, evening; 18th, Milwaukee, evening; 19th, Indianapolis, evening; 20th, Grand Rapids, evening; 21st, Toledo, afternoon; 21st, Detroit, evening; 22d, Columbus; 23d, Cleveland, afternoon; 24d, Cleveland, evening; 25th, Buffalo, evening; 26th, Rochester, evening; 27th, Syracuse, afternoon; 27th, Utica, evening; 28th, Albany, evening; 29th, Boston, afternoon; 29th, Worcester, evening.

It was arranged that the last performance should be given on the evening of the 30th of May at Bridgeport, but the enterprising owner of the theatre got out circulars saying that this was Mr. Jefferson's farewell tour. That ever-youthful veteran took umbrage at this and promptly canceled the engagement. This is by no means meant as a farewell to the stage by Mr. Jefferson or any of his associates.

The prices will have to be high for tickets to see these performances, but few will be likely to feel that they are asked to pay for more than their money's worth. The best seats will be five dollars each, and from this maximum price they will be scaled down. The opportunity to see a performance such as this will be does not often present itself; nor, indeed, is there any other English play which affords such good opportunities for good work on the part of all the actors in the cast. Bob Acres is one of the shortest parts in the play—not more than two hundred lines in all—but Mr. Jefferson is not afraid of being snuffed out in it. Then, again, Captain Absolute is the longest part in the play—longer, indeed, than Hamlet—and this is to be taken by the youngest man in the company. But the parts are all good and the players likewise, and there will be abundant opportunities for each to display his artistic *métier* without provoking the heart-burnings of any of the associates. If it be at all certain that any one will carry off a larger wreath of laurels than any other one, that person is likely to be Mrs. John Drew, who is the most accomplished English-speaking woman on the stage to-day, and her Mrs. Malaprop is not the least excellent of her admirable characterizations.

AMATEUR ATHLETICS

Americans Win at Athens.

WHILE the Olympic Games, when they shall occur in this country in 1904, may not eclipse those recently held at Athens in point of attendance and enthusiasm, they will, without doubt, be productive of better performances in most of the events.

The little band of Americans, mention of whom was made in this department last week, easily met predictions, and by the last of the month they will have returned with a number of emblems of victory.

Captain Garrett, of the Princeton team, distinguished himself in particular by winning the Greek event—throwing the discus. Of the Boston men, Burke, Clark, and Curtis did the best work.

Thomas E. Burke is the present national and international champion quarter-mile runner. In view of his reputation his victories were expected.



THOMAS E. BURKE.

Photograph by E. Chickering.

Burke is a six-footer, very thin, and has an enormous stride. Once in motion, and not interfered with, he is able to maintain a killing pace every foot of the way. His career on the cinder path has justly been described as meteoric, and on more than one occasion he has shaken the world's record for the quarter. By winning the hundred-metre sprint, a distance in English measure of 109.36 yards, he did not surprise his friends, even though the distance was in a way new to him, for the time—twelve seconds—is by no means brilliant. In America a runner would not be considered better than a place man unless he could do the full hundred and twenty yards in that time.

Ellery H. Clark, winner of both the broad and high jumps, is a Harvard student. Each was accomplished in a clever manner—that of the high jump being particularly noteworthy. Outside of Ryan, the Irish champion, who has a record of six feet four and one-half inches, Clark, by going five feet eleven and one-quarter inches, would have won had the entry list included every high-jumper of note in the Old World. His broad jump measured some twenty feet, nine inches, which might be called smart, but nothing more. Clark made an excellent impression with the classic Greeks, who had been regaled with his enviable all-round fame as an athlete and the holder as well of a scholarship at Harvard University.



ELLERY H. CLARK.

Photograph by E. Chickering.

Thomas D. Curtis, by winning the finals in the 120.30-yards hurdle-race in 17 3-5 seconds, showed that for a comparative novice he has the makings of a good one. Either Shaw, of England, or Stephen Chase, of Dartmouth College, America, could give Curtis yards at this game and defeat him. When all has been said and all honor paid the lucky Americans and their general superiority over their rivals, particularly the Greeks, it is likely to appear later on in history that Louis, a Greek peasant, is "about as good as they make 'em," when it comes to cross-country running.



THOMAS D. CURTIS.

Photograph by E. Chickering.

Arthur Blake, an American, ran in this long-distance race from Marathon, a distance of some twenty-six miles, one hundred and seventy-one yards, and at outset was expected to show the people of the Old World that they knew as little about long as short-distance running. But Blake, after an hour's running, was never in the race with either Louis, the winner, or the second and third-place men, both Greeks.

The time made by Louis was two hours, forty-eight minutes, and, considering the circumstances, is a little short of wonderful. The best time for twenty-six miles on a track by an English amateur is two hours, forty-seven minutes and fourteen seconds, while the best an American amateur ever did for twenty-six miles was three hours and thirty seconds. Now, considering the fact that Louis covered about one hundred and seventy-one yards in excess of twenty-six miles, and ran the while across country, his time comes pretty close to being a world's record. It is no wonder, then, that Blake got lost.

PITCHING TALENT AT HARVARD.

Around the sacred precincts of Fair Harvard there are at this time just a goodly half-dozen—and one of base-ball twirlers with an ambition burning in their well-developed chests to play

ball for the crimson the coming season. But, sad to relate, but two of the half-dozen are, apparently, sure to play without any manner of question being asked. This lucky pair consists of young Paine, son of the well-known General Charles J. Paine, of yacht-racing fame, and brother of John Paine, designer of the unsuccessful *Jubilee*, and Haughton, a freshman hailing from Groton school. The others are Highlands, regular pitcher of last year's nine, Cozzens, Dowd, Mains, and Thompson.

Now, of these latter, Highlands and Dowd are very much under the eye of the athletic committee, who, it is alleged, see in them something of a professional air. Dowd last summer played at Newport, Rhode Island, on the "summer nine" of that place. It is said that the consideration was something like forty-two dollars weekly and board.

On this self-same nine Cozzens played, but his amateur standing has not, to the writer's knowledge, yet been questioned. In his case inference from the fact that he played on the nine does not count for so much, as he lives at Newport, and a genuine love of the sport and a desire to get practice, with the Harvard nine in view, alone might well have influenced him.

Yet, it is not well, after all, to travel in bad company, and a proof of this is the assertion made to me by a number of men at Newport last summer that Cozzens was being paid ten dollars weekly for occasional service.

Whether or no the Harvard athletic committee have considered Cozzens's eligibility, the means of telling are not at hand. The fact, however, that Cozzens played on a "summer nine" must be known to its members, and for this reason the writer is inclined to the opinion that they have weighed the case and found nothing in the way of Cozzens playing.

Mains, like Haughton, is a freshman, and was a student at Brown University last year. Thompson also hails from another college, Yale, where, as the regular pitcher on the freshman nine last year, he worked up quite a reputation. These latter two, therefore, are likely to come under the eligibility rule which requires a residence of a college year before they can represent Harvard in intercollegiate games.

Thus, of all this talent, Harvard is likely to get benefit from Paine, possibly Cozzens, and Haughton. While the latter is a player of promise, the indications are now that he will require the steady influences of a year or so to get under perfect control the great speed at his command. With Cozzens it is different, for, though young in years, he is old in the experience of many important games played.

At his home, Newport, he is thought much of by the base-ball wisecracks, and his reputation gained in games played against visiting professional teams for the past three years is next to phenomenal.

Cozzens is a fine specimen of budding youth and a natural-born athlete. He is able to throw a ball with the speed of a Rusie, and he has the endurance to pile on the agony—for opposing batters—inning after inning and game upon game. With any sort of encouragement he should prove Harvard's main stay in the box this year. Cozzens is an A1 felder, but is not over-strong at bat. His good qualities, however, should be the means of gaining for him much success.

Paine's work in the box last year was not such as to warrant the prediction that he would reign as a bright particular star this season. His friends claim, however, that his erratic work in the box was due altogether to the fact that he had too many irons in the fire of athletics.

He wanted to be a champion high-jumper—yet with a record of six feet, five-eighths of an inch, he was defeated by inferior men at the intercollegiate games. His base-ball aspirations also took a tumble, and perhaps, as his friends think, he attempted too much.

This year Paine, it is believed, will do nothing but play ball, and may keep Cozzens in second place.

In enumerating this collection of pitching talent the name of young Clarkson escaped me.

He makes the eighth man, but, like Dowd and Highlands, is under the ban of the athletic committee. It is not likely that he will be allowed to play.

W.T. Bull.

Governor Wolcott, of Massachusetts.

THE death of Governor Greenhalge, of Massachusetts, advanced to the gubernatorial chair Hon. Roger Wolcott, who has been Lieutenant-Governor for three years, and who would have undoubtedly succeeded to the office if death had not hastened the promotion. Roger Wolcott is endowed with about all the attainments a man could ask for. He has a pedigree running back to the Roger Wolcott who signed the Declaration of Independence. He has wealth which came through several generations of successful business men. He has a magnificent physical



HON. ROGER WOLCOTT.

endowment, being six feet tall, as straight as an arrow, with a ruddy complexion, iron-gray hair, and dignity of bearing which have caused him to become known as "the handsomest man in Massachusetts." He has a home on Commonwealth Avenue, Boston's magnificent avenue of wealth, and summer residences at Milton and on the Cape. He has, of course, a Harvard education—one cannot get along in Bay-State politics without that—and is a member of every social organization in the Modern Athens which a rich man would care to belong to, being president of the "brainy" St. Botolph Club. He is about forty-nine years of age, has a charming wife—a granddaughter of the historian Prescott—and several children, one of whom is a freshman at Harvard. In spite of his aristocratic birth and environment he is never a "snob" and has friends in all classes of society. He is a man of marked independence of thought and action—a trait which he demonstrated by voting for Mr. Cleveland in 1884.

An Asthma Cure at Last.

MEDICAL science at last reports a positive cure for Asthma in the remarkable Kola Plant, a new botanical discovery found on the Congo River, West Africa. Its cures are really marvelous. Rev. J. L. Combs, of Martinsburg, West Virginia, writes that it cured him of Asthma of fifty years' standing, and Hon. L. G. Clute, of Greeley, Iowa, testifies that for three years he had to sleep propped up in a chair, being unable to lie down night or day from Asthma. The Kola Plant cured him at once. To make the matter sure, these and hundreds of other cures are sworn to under oath before a notary public. So great is their faith in its wonderful curative powers, the Kola Importing Company, 1164 Broadway, New York, are sending out large trial cases of the Kola compound free to all sufferers from Asthma. Send them your name and address on a postal-card, and they will send you a large trial case by mail free. It costs you nothing, and you should surely try it.



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SECTION OF ARTILLERISTS OF THE COLUMN OF COLONEL GALBIS.



GROUP OF SPANISH SOLDIERS READY TO DEFEND A SUGAR ESTATE.



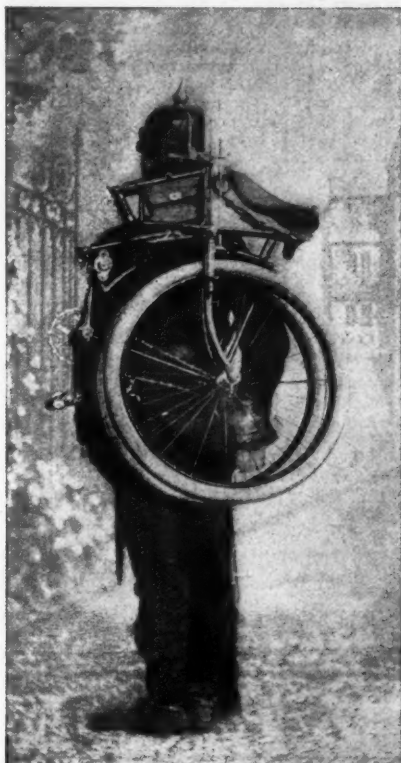
AN INSURGENT SENTRY WATCHING THE MOVEMENTS OF A SPANISH COLUMN.

WITHIN THE INSURGENT LINES IN CUBA.

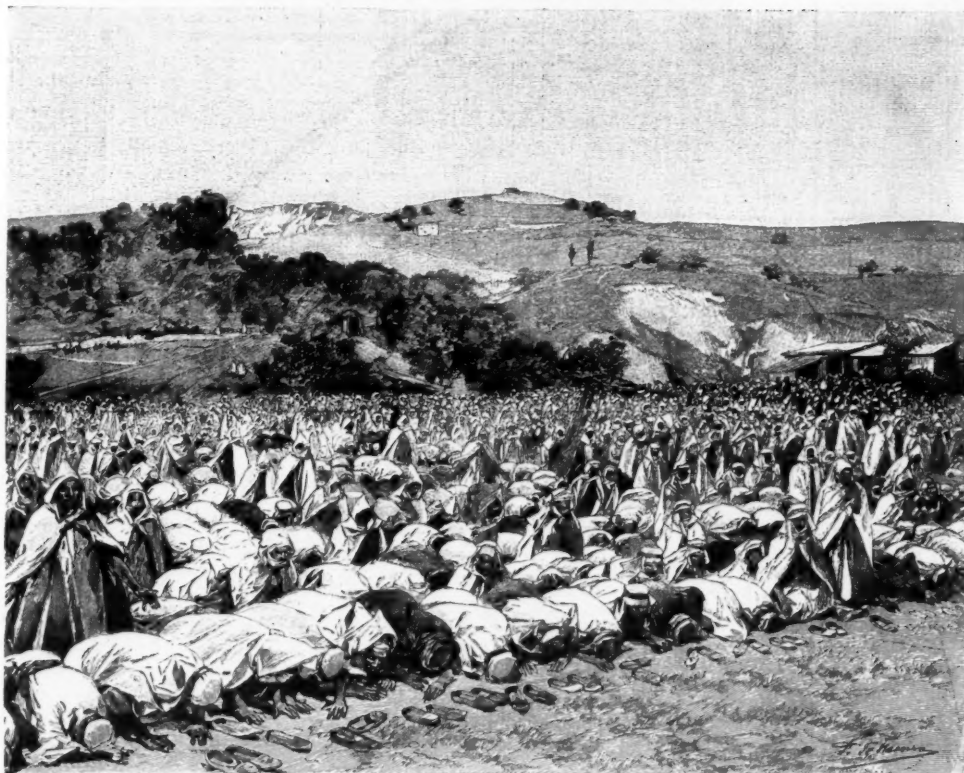
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE ARTICLE ON PAGE 275, BY A. B. DE GUERVILLE, OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]



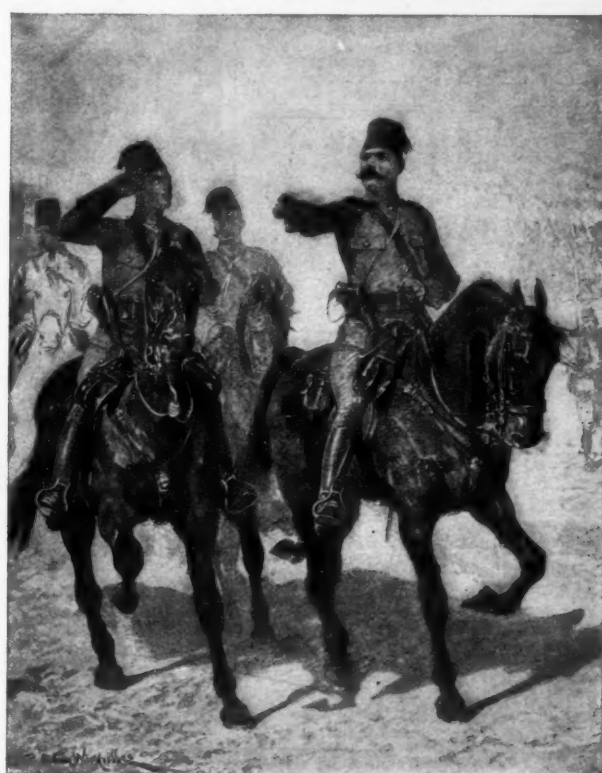
PREPARING FOR THE BATTLE OF FLOWERS AT MONTE CARLO.—*Black and White.*



THE NEW GERMAN WAR-WHEEL OR BICYCLE.—*Sport im Bild.*



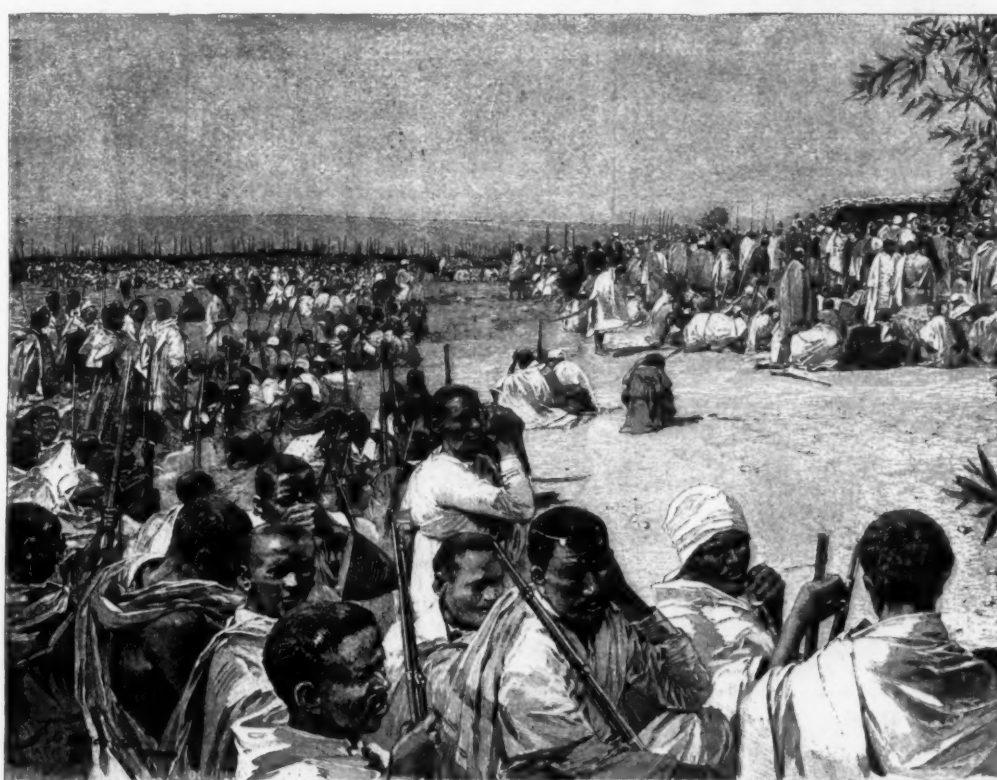
THE RAMADAN IN ALGIERS—THE PRAYER OF SEBA-OU-ACHERIN.
L'Illustration.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL SIR HERBERT KITCHENER, COMMANDER OF
THE DONGOLA EXPEDITION.—*Illustrated London News.*



THE VISIT OF A DÉBUTANTE TO A PHOTOGRAPHER AFTER THE FIRST
DRAWING-ROOM OF THE SEASON.—*London Graphic.*



THE WAR IN ABYSSINIA—THE ARMY OF THE EMPEROR—A HALT.—*L'Illustration.*

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